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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in nameless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow. I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment.—Rabindranath Tagore.

THE PACIFIC

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THE TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.

Students of history generally know of The Thirty Years' War—an uninterrupted succession of wars in Germany, in the 17th century, participated in by Austria and Spain, and growing out of the attempt of the Catholics to deprive the Protestants of liberty of worship. Of the war of twelve hundred years there is not so general a knowledge. There was such a war—a war of twelve hundred years duration, though the large majority of the people of today know but little, if anything, about it. It began in the 3rd century of the Christian era, and the final blow was never struck until in the 16th century Magellan won for the victorious side a crushing victory in his famous voyage around the world.

Prominent among the men of the early centuries who fastened their ideas on the people of their own time, and sent them on down the ages with molding power, stands the great theologian, Augustine. In his commentary on Genesis Augustine put these words: "Nothing is to be accepted save on the authority of Scripture; since greater is that authority than all the powers of the human mind."

This prolonged war began before Augustine's day. But it was he who furnished the mightiest weapon on the Church's side for more than a thousand years.

In those early centuries, going back to Pythagoras, and Aristotle and Plato, there sprang up the idea of the earth's sphericity. A few of the broad-minded Church fathers in the first centuries of the Christian era were inclined to accept the idea as reasonable and worthy of acceptance. But to others it was fraught with great and extreme danger to the Bible. Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, was among the first to array themselves against it; as was also Chrysostom, who was called golden-mouthed, because of his wonderful eloquence.

Connected with the idea of the sphericity of the earth was the idea of antipodes—and of human beings on opposite sides of the globe.

While by some the ideas were held only as dangerous, by others they were held as damnable. St. Basil and St. Ambrose, two of the most tolerant of the men of those early centuries who opposed the ideas, admitted that a man who thought the earth inhabited on opposite sides might be saved, but in general the early Church Fathers believed that the names of the persons so holding would be blotted out of the Book of Life.

Augustine became in his day the great champion of what was called the "orthodox" view. In his opposition to the idea of sphericity he was not so insistent and unyielding as he was with respect to the idea of inhabitants of the opposite side of the earth. Standing by the dictum, "Nothing is to be accepted save on the authority of scripture, since greater is that authority than all the powers of the human mind," he so fixed the opposing arguments in human minds as to make it for more than a thousand years the only "orthodox" Church belief that even if the earth had opposite sides there could be no human beings on the side other than that on which these Churchmen themselves were living.

In the 19th Psalm it is said, "Their line hath gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." In the Epistle to the Romans St. Paul says, of the heralds of Christ, "Verily their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." But it was evident, said St. Augustine and his confreres and successors, that these preachers did not go to any antipodes, therefore no antipodes exist; they who argue for them "give the lie to King David, and to St. Paul, and therefore to the Holy Ghost."

In the 8th century the pope, as the infallible teacher, was appealed to by St. Boniface against Bishop Virgil who had dared to assert the idea of the sphericity of the earth, largely accepted at that time by the leaders of thought outside the Church. The pope cited the usual scripture against sphericity and the idea of antipodes and declared the doctrines perverse and iniquitous—against Bishop Virgil's soul.

During the next few centuries the detested ideas appear and disappear, according to the fears and courage of the men of the different generations. All through the centuries there were a few who refused to be fettered by the dominant theology, and stood for these new ideas. In the north of Europe in the 8th century Bede so declared himself, as did also Isadore of Seville in Southern Europe. Later Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas, Dante and others held to the idea of the sphericity of the earth. All the great Reformed theologians, strict in their adherence to the exact letter of Scripture, were slow in their acceptance, and not a few of the Protestants were as culpable as the Catholics.

In the 14th century the promulgation of the so-called heresies had much to do with the condemnation to the fagot and the stake of Peter of Abano and Cecco d'Astoli.

Columbus, the great discoverer, when he sought to interest Portugal and Spain in his proposed voyage to the Indies, was confronted by the old-time quotations from the Psalms, from St. Paul and Augustine.

Tostatus, the eminent Spanish theologian, hurled at Columbus and his propositions the following remarkable syllogism which in the judgment of many won the day:

"The apostles were commanded to go into all the world and to preach the gospel to every creature; they did not go to any such part of the world as the antipodes; they did not preach to any creatures there; ergo, no antipodes exist."

It was the idea of the earth as a flat surface, the conception of the universe as a kind of a house, with heaven as the upper floor, and somewhere down in or below this the place called hell which made navigators of the sea tremble on their voyages, lest they tumble with their ships into the hole out in the Atlantic leading down thereto, or come at last at the ends of the earth to an abyss over which their ships would plunge into nowhere.

Joaquin Miller represents the mate as saying to Columbus:

"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"

Then from the lips of the brave admiral leaped like a leaping sword the words:

"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

Although the discoveries which were made by Columbus strengthened greatly the idea of the sphericity of the earth, the controversy went on; and it remained for Magellan in 1519 to gain for science a final and a crushing victory. He circumnavigated the earth and he and his companions saw the peoples of the antipodes.

Thus, after twelve hundred years the idea that the earth was a flat table or disk and that there were no antipodes even if it were a sphere, buttressed by eminent theologians with the dictum of Augustine that "nothing is to be accepted save on the authority of Scripture, since greater is that authority than all the powers of the human mind," went down in utter defeat.

Lecky says in his book on the history and rise of rationalism: "When Lord Bacon was drawing his great chart of the field of knowledge, his attention was forcibly drawn to the torpor of the middle ages. That the mind of man should so long have remained tranced and benumbed seemed at first sight an objection to his theories, a contradiction to his high estimate of the human faculties. But his answer was prompt and decisive. A theological system had lain like an incubus upon Christendom, and to its influence, more than to any other single cause, the universal paralysis is to be ascribed. At last the revival of learning came, the regeneration of physical science speedily followed it, and it soon effected a series of most important revolutions in our conceptions."

All in all it is a sad commentary on the Church. What is herein set forth ought to make the dogmatic theologians of today pause and earnestly consider whether they are not in their dogmatism likely to be classed a few decades hence as persons who blocked the onward march of truth.

History here, as elsewhere, has a word of encouragement for the explorers in the great wide ocean of truth. It is—

"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, is likewise a lover of mankind; but only he who is a lover of virtue.—Epictetus.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Professor John Wright Buckham, of Pacific Theological Seminary, has gone East to deliver the Nathaniel W. Taylor lectures at Yale University.

The Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown of Pilgrim church, Seattle, was one of the principal speakers at the annual conference of college students at Pacific Grove last week.

The Rev. Tyler Dennett, pastor of Pilgrim church, Los Angeles, sent for fifty copies of The Pacific of the issue for March 25, wishing to put them into the hands of his people during Holy Week.

The Rev. E. S. Williams writes from New York a few words commending The Pacific for its attitude toward the doctrinal questions recently under consideration, and adds: "I'm old-fashioned, but I'm not a fool."

The Rev. Jonathan Edwards, a veteran in Eastern Washington, writes concerning The Pacific for March the 25th: "The last issue of The Pacific is great. Addresses by Nash, Brooks and Palmer are magnificent. Should be published in pamphlet form."

The Calendar of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday made mention of Dr. Van Horn's acceptance of the call from the First Church of Oakland, with these additional words: "Dr. Van Horn's large experience, great ability and recognized leadership, make his coming an occasion for rejoicing throughout our fellowship."

The Rev. H. T. Staats, a retired Congregational minister residing in Pasadena, has sent for ten copies of The Pacific for March the 25th to send to friends. He says: "Thanks for publishing those papers. In matter and spirit they bear eminently the true Christian view. They are needed to meet a fanatical conservatism which is separating many thoughtful persons from the church of Christ."

Since the Rev. Leslie B. Briggs entered on the pastorate at Santa Cruz he has presented the modern religious views in such a manner in Bible study classes as to win to them the large majority of the people in his church; and those who have not been won, willingly grant freedom of thought and expression thereon. Mr. Briggs is of the opinion that the best way for the average pastor and church is not to have the mooted doctrinal matters handled in the pulpit, but rather in the class room.

Professor Ernest W. Parsons, who was called last year to the chair of New Testament Literature and Exegesis in Pacific Theological Seminary, has accepted a call to the chair of English Bible and Biblical Languages in Rochester Theological Seminary, New York, and will close his work in Pacific Theological Seminary at the end of this term. Since coming to Berkeley Professor Parsons has won the hearts of all with whom he has come in contact. He is a man of high scholarly attainments, and Pacific Seminary will part with him regretfully. The seminary at Rochester is the leading one in the Baptist denomination, and therein is opened up to Professor Parsons a larger place for service.

The Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks was invited to speak at the Conference of College Students, at Pacific Grove, on the fundamentals of Christianity. When he remarked that he could not speak on fundamentals without introducing thoughts which might not be acceptable to the conference

leaders, he was told that he was to have freedom of expression. Accordingly he spoke as he speaks in his own pulpit and in the class-room; as he spoke at the recent meeting in Scottish Rite Auditorium in San Francisco. Conference officials and students alike were pleased with what he said, and several young men testify that he planted their feet on foundations far more satisfying than any on which they had rested theretofore.

The Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, Los Angeles, writes to the editor of The Pacific: "Your reporting of the theological discussions growing out of Dr. Aked's sermons, and your editorials on the subjects, are of deepest interest to me." Mr. Fisher sends for copies of The Pacific to put into the hands of his people, and expresses the belief that they will aid him in his efforts to preach a sane and vital gospel. At the Wednesday evening meetings during February, March and April, Mr. Fisher is giving lectures on "The Creed of a Twentieth Century Christian." As a result of these addresses at least twelve persons will unite with the church next Sunday who would not have been touched by the old appeals.

The Whitman College Weekly Bulletin chronicles the death recently of Mrs. Frederick Billings of New York City, and adds that the college loses thus one of its oldest and most generous supporters. "Ever since Mrs. Billings and her husband, then president of the Northern Pacific Railway, were first interested in the college by its founder, Rev. Cushing Eells, in 1883, they gave at least $1,000 a year to the institution, and after Mr. Billings' death in 1890 Mrs Billings continued her yearly contributions with increasing generosity. She gave the largest amount for the men's dormitory, named Billings Hall in memory of her two sons, paid the salary of a member of the faculty, and established a Frederick Billings professorship of Biblical Literature. Her saintly characteer and far-reaching philanthropy made her one of the most distinguished women of her generation"

The California Christian Advocate says under the caption of "A Pathetic Conference": "This would be a proper description of the Prophetic Conferences which are being held, if half the things reported were true. It is difficult for a hobbyist not to wrest Scripture to his own hurt to prove his hobby. One of the most remarkable illustrations of which we have heard is the exegesis of the Rev. W. B. Riley, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Minneapolis, in his teaching upon the doctrine of the nature of the resurrection body. It is certainly strangely and wonderfully made. He says that Christ's body lost all its blood on the cross. Since it was buried without blood, his resurrection body was bloodless and his heart did not beat. This he bases on the statement, 'Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.' He takes his argument further, thus: Jesus said 'A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have'—with the conclusion that our resurrection bodies will have flesh and bones, but not flesh and blood. If there is an exhibition of exegetical stupidity by a teacher of the church which equals this, it has not been our misfortune to learn it."

Some men are like a magpie, they chatter much, but say little.

NEED NOT GIVE THEM UP!

In an article in **The Pacific** a few weeks ago the Rev. E. E. P. Abbott of San Diego wrote: "There are some of us who would like to keep the idyls of our infancy with all the purity that enfolded them. When Christmas comes round we should greatly miss some of those beautiful touches in the early part of Matthew's and Luke's gospels."

This was with reference to the criticism which questions at least the literalness of those chapters—and sometimes more than their literalness.

This week we have from a lady friend in Michigan the following:

"We are enjoying the discussions appearing in **The Pacific** relative to the birth and life of Christ, and personally I am very grateful to you for the two editorials on the 'Immaculate' and 'Miraculous Conception.' Our theology has been undergoing repairs for several years, and to have the beliefs of early years assailed, was a decided shock at first, I did not like to hear about the modern views any too well, but after sacrificing the hatchet and cherry tree story of George Washington and some other folk-lore tales, it was easier to think that there might be a tradition or so that had crept into the Bible.

"There is just one point that still hurts, the foundation of so much beautiful music is overthrown, and to change, what was taught me to be a fact, to a mere legend, is a rather difficult thing, but I am hoping to see my way out of that problem as I have out of others—sometime."

For these and other readers of **The Pacific** we give this week a part of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. R. J. Campbell of City Temple, London, entitled "The Intrusion of the Transcendental."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

In one of the districts in the South Side of Chicago there are 445 saloons which are visited daily by at least fourteen thousand girls and women.

A leading liquor trade journal says that the passage of the proposed constitutional amendment giving national prohibition is not only possible but very probable.

The last finding of **The Presbyterian**, our Philadelphia contemporary, as to the Rev. Dr. Aked, is that he "is nearer to the Mohammedan in his belief than he is to the evangelical Christians." This is interesting indeed! The Presbyterian has neither patented nor copyrighted its discovery. Accordingly anybody is at liberty to make use of it who may desire to do so.

The Congregationalist makes mention, under the caption of "Religion on the Pacific Coast," of the recent Scottish Rite Auditorium meeting, and remarks in that connection: "It looks as if the providential purpose of this controversy over Dr. Aked were the bringing into fresh prominence of the central beliefs of the Christian Church. A deep and widespread longing exists among plain people for frank, reverent and constructive statements of personal faith. A part of the indifference and alienation of many communities is due to lack in the past of just such positive, broad and convincing work in the pulpit and on the platform. Some conservatives have been too dogmatic and suspicious of progress. Some liberals have been too provocative and destructive. It is a fortuitous time for the 'middle-of-the-road' men to assert themselves."

POMONA BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL.

William Norris Burr.

Christian workers have had many spiritual feasts in Pomona during the past winter. Besides the regular services in our large and growing churches, led by pastors who feed the flock on the sincere milk and the strong meat of the Word, we have had the great Annual Convention of the Los Angeles County Christian Endeavor Societies, at which eighteen hundred delegates were gathered: the four Methodist churches united in an evangelistic campaign under the evangelists Brown and Curry, of whom one of our leading Congregational pastors in Southern California said to me the other day, "I had them at my church some months ago, and I consider them among the sanest and most convincing evangelists that I have ever known;" we have had a three-day's Bible Institute, at which men and women of choice spirit and deep love for the work of the Bible teacher, gave us valuable suggestions along the line of methods; and for several months past we have been enjoying on Thursday evening of each week the sessions of a Bible Training School, the departments in charge of such well known workers as Miss Meme Brockway, Mrs. H. A. Dowling, Mrs. B. E. Bassford and others, while Dr. R. A. Torrey and Dr. John Hunter, of the Bible Institute, Los Angeles, have conducted Bible study services for the larger number of people attending who were not specially interested in taking any of the departmental work.

The closing session of this Bible Training School for the present season has just been held. It has been, in many ways, a most profitable undertaking. It was inaugurated under the auspices of the Pomona Ministerial Union, and Rev. Albert P. Davis, pastor of Pilgrim Congregational church and the president of the Union, has presided at the weekly sessions.

Dr. Torrey has given each week an exposition of the Uniform Sunday School lesson, while Dr. Hunter has lectured through the entire term, with the exception of one or two evenings,on the Gospel of Matthew. The utmost cordiality has prevailed; and while all hearers might not have been always in perfect agreement with the methods of Bible study and interpretation persued by the speakers, all have felt that rich treasure-veins of the Word have been opened to them, and a new impulse given to "search the Scriptures." The active Sunday school workers of Pilgrim church have attended in goodly numbers, and express themselves as having been greatly helped in their knowledge of the Bible and in their conception of man's obligation to God and fellowmen, by the instruction given by Drs. Torrey and Hunter.

Dr. Hunter is a man of unusual tenderness of spirit for one whose convictions are strong. Having occasion one evening to speak in criticism of the church—and his criticism was nothing more than any of us might make and probably have made a great many times—he said: "Do not understand me to be speaking as one who is antagonistic to the church. To speak against the church would be to me like speaking against my own family." And as he went on we all felt that he had caught the spirit of Him who once faced the leaders of the church in Jerusalem and told them their delinquencies in plain terms, and who, at the same time, was carrying a heart-burden of love for them that burst into expression when He cried "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophetts and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" Dr. Hunter criticised the church that night in such a spirit that, as I listened, I was reminded of one of Bruce Barton's pregnant sentences: "Weak men cry over their own petty sorrows; it takes strength to weep over a city." Dr. Hunter spoke as a strong man weeping.

The testimony of the Pomona pastors to the helpfulness of the work done in this Training School, as spoken at the closing session, revealed their close sympathy with it. Said Rev. Albert P. Davis: "I am sure we are all grateful for the spirit of unity among our Pomona churches that have been strengthened by the weekly gatherings in this Bible Training School." In his prayer Dr. Lamport, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, expressed thankfulness for "the privilege of sitting at the feet of so devoted and helpful a Bible teacher as Dr. R. A. Torrey, to whom has evidently been given a divine message and the commission to carry it around the world." And Dr. W F. Harper, pastor of the First Baptist Church—in whose Sunday school rooms the sessions of the Training School were held—and president of the Los Angeles County Sunday School Association, said: "Nothing that has been done in Pomona for years has accomplished more for the work of kingdom extension here than these gatherings for Bible study under the instruction of Dr. Torrey and Dr. Hunter."

It is with regret on the part of the people of the Pomona churches who have been attending these Thursday evening sessions of the Training School that the term must now close; but it is with the expressed hope that the "School" may be resumed next autumn, and with the tentative promise of the same instructors in the general department.

Pomona, California.

THE INTRUSION OF THE TRANSCENDENTAL.

Rev. R. J. Campbell, Minister, City Temple, London.

"Thou shalt bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest."—Luke 1:31-32.

The beautiful stories contained in the first two chapters of St. Luke's Gospel have rightly been called the poetry of the Nativity. If we begin to criticize and analyze them as statements of historical fact we are met at once with insuperable difficulties, for they do not lend themselves to matter-of-fact treatment. You might as well try to bottle a sunset or weigh an oratorio with a pair of scales. But to call them poetry is not to say that they are untrue; on the contrary, poetry may be truer than prose, for it deals with emotions and experiences too subtle to be expressed in the language of literal and exact statement. Certainly it is so with those nativity stories. They take us into a transcendental world, or rather they bring the transcendental world into ours with a sweet suggestiveness and elevation of feeling unsurpassed of their kind. I love these stories, and so do you. To reject them as untrue would be a most muddle-headed proceeding. They are true, but their truth consists in being the vehicles of something high and holy, something so far above the ordinary level of our thoughts and feelings that we have no category for it. The incident referred

to in my text is perhaps the most impressive of the series. Here we have a messenger from another world making to a Jewish village maiden the formal announcement that she is to become the mother of a son who will have an immeasurable influence for good upon the world, and who will stand to God in a relationship so close that in time to come he will be spoken of, not only as her child, but in a special way the Son of the Most High. With the exception of representations of the Madonna and Child, and the Crucifixion, no subject has been so frequently depicted in sacred art as this, though probably no subject has ever been treated in such a variety of ways; evidently great artists have generally thought of it as not belonging only, or mainly, to the region of the material and workaday world.

But did it ever happen? Yes, it probably did, though whether we have the precise details here is another matter. What happened was far more wonderful than even Luke allows for, though it is plain to be seen that his appreciation of the mystery and sacredness of it all is as great as anything could possibly be; that is why he has told the story in such a way as to make every reader feel that the heralding of the birth of Jesus was an event in which heaven came very near to earth and opened its doors wide.

Permit me a digression here. I will return to the main point in a moment or two, but I wish to say something which may help to facilitate our approach to it. It is this: I feel increasingly distrustful—I was going to say intolerant—of the merely rationalistic temper in religion. It leads nowhere; it does not help; it does not lift the soul. To say this is by no means to fling oneself into the arms of obscurantism; in deprecating reliance on rationalistic methods in the cultivation of our religious life I am not commending irrationalism—quite the opposite in fact. To flout or repress the intellect amounts in the long run to spiritual suicide; but surely the widest intellectual freedom is compatible with a clear recognition of the truth that religion is essentially superrational; it is the commerce of the soul with the transcendental, a commerce whose experiences can never be wholly translated into the language of the objective mind. We may as well admit this or we shall never get far in the things of the soul. As I once heard Dr. Parker say, "Where reason flutters faith flies"; and by faith I have no doubt he meant, not a blind superstitious acceptance of certain propositions, but the intuitive faculty whereby man relates himself to that which is beyond the things of time and sense.

Now, unfortunately, owing to the abominations of the Church of Rome in the centuries preceding the Reformation, you and I have been brought up in a mental atmosphere which is exceedingly suspicious of what is ordinarily called the supernatural. Properly speaking, there is no supernatural; but you all know what I mean. We may believe the Bible miracles, or we may be so imbued with the critical spirit that we reject them, but we are not at all disposed to believe in the credibility of anything outside the range of our normal sense experience. To be sure we admit without question the marvels laid bare by modern science, such as the Rontgen rays or wireless telegraphy. But even here, as a rule, the pioneer generally has to struggle a long time before his discoveries obtain recognition. Very frequently, indeed more frequently than not, the quack precedes the orthodox discoverer; hypnotism, for instance, was at one time scouted and ridiculed by the whole medical profession and the scientific world in general; today it is a recognized force in therapeutics. Yesterday telepathy and mental healing were classed among the delusions of the neurotic; tomorrow they will have taken their place among the universally accepted facts concerning our mysterious and complex human organization. I suppose there are still some people who would laugh at the theory of the subconscious mind and remain inflexibly convinced that their own personality is bounded by their immediate consciousness of it; but the facts are proving too much for them; psychological investigation is forcing us to the conclusion, whether we like it or not, that a man's consciousness of his own being at any time is very small compared with what he really is, and that to the region of the sub-conscious we must refer practically everything that is most truly characteristic of him, including the springs of his religious experience. Still, we might be compelled to admit all this without getting outside the operation of physical law—if that be an admissible term. We might say that every discovery, so far, in the region of the supernormal, no matter how wonderful, is yet confined to the purely material plane, and that we have not been brought into contact with any higher world or any higher order of being than ourselves. Now I firmly believe, and venture to prophesy, that this habit of mind, this all but invincible prejudice of that average man of today, will be broken down, and perhaps before very long too, perhaps within the lifetime of most of us.

I hope you see what I am trying to state. It is that the generation to which you and I belong, and those immediately preceding it, have been so accustomed to confine their interests to the material world, have been so shut up to the contemplation of the mundane, that they instinctively distrust everything that transcends those categories. Thus when we read the signs and wonders which people trained under medieval Catholicism believed to be of everyday occurrence, we at once put them down as gross and silly superstitions.

Few of us ever dream of taking them seriously; the great majority of us are absolutely incapable of imagining ourselves into the mental atmosphere in which such things were deemed possible. One of my occasional recreations is to dip into such a book as Froissart's Chronicles, or Joinville's Memoirs, or some monkish writer of the Middle Ages; it takes one right away into another world utterly different from that in which we live. This is in itself a source of refreshment; but often and often I pause and smile as I think what an enormous contrast there is between such a character as, say, Louis IX—St. Louis of France—and the average member of the Stock Exchange at the present day, in general outlook upon life. And yet, which is the higher? The advantage is not all on the side of the stockbroker. St. Louis lived, or so he thought, in habitual intercourse with invisible beings, saints and angels, and in a world which was continually being acted upon from the unseen—in fact he believed that unseen powers had far more to do with the shaping of his life than had the people whom he saw around him in the flesh. Was he wholly wrong? And was he the worse or the smaller man for extending his perspective beyond the horizon of things material? I do not think so; and,

notwithstanding the evils wrought by unreasoning superstition in the hands of an unscrupulous priesthood, I am sure we shall have to recover that old-time consciousness of the nearness and activity of the invisible world. I believe the signs of the times are pointing in that direction, and when we get to it we shall understand a great deal that is now puzzling or obscure in the New Testament narratives which are the basis of our faith in the human, personal, yet gloriously divine Christ.

Now let us come back to the point whence we made this excursion. The true explanation of such a passage as my text is that everything great and good, which becomes the common possession of mankind, every special incoming of God into human experience, is prepared in the unseen before it appears in the seen. This sounds a trite observation, but wait a moment. Granted that there is a transcendental world, a world of eternal blessedness and perfection—a fact which my experience no more permits me to doubt than to doubt my own existence—it is in the highest degree probable, nay, inevitable, that everything worth calling a divine advent, every spiritual uplift which our sunken race receives, is celebrated with joy in heaven before we know anything of it on earth. It is known on that side, and known for what it is, long ere the moment comes for its material manifestation. Do you not see then that such a stupendous event as the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ must have been acclaimed in glory when it was begun, and watched all through its course with close and reverent interest by the host of heaven? Angels did indeed sing around the cradle of the holy child, though perhaps their sweetest song no mortal ear could hear; angels did minister to him as he lay depleted after his lonely grapple with the tempter in the wilderness, though no mortal eye could behold them; yes, and in dark Gethsemane itself they wiped the blood-drops from his brow, though even he could not feel them near in that awful hour of dereliction and woe. Such things are not merely pious tradition but literal fact.

And do you think it possible, granting this to be the case, that the woman worthy to be the mother of so august a being, a being destined to change the whole face of human history, could have been left altogether without some intimation beforehand as to the greatness of the privilege that was hers? No one can say with positive assurance just how it may have come to her, but come it did. Lesser women than she have seen the veil between earth and heaven parted under similar circumstances. In a recent conversation which I had with Sir Oliver Lodge—and which I rather hesitate to quote, but it points the statement which I have just made—I understood him to say that the conclusion to which he has now come with reference to the interrelation of the visible and invisible world makes him feel that there must be truth in the numerous traditions in which history abounds, concerning the portents which have preceded the birth of mighty souls into this world and their passing out of it. He does not think that they are all the invention of later generations. I quite agree. No spiritual crisis, no time of new beginnings on earth, can be altogether unaccompanied by some suggestion of the gathering up of forces on the side of heaven.

For who was this Jesus? It can hardly be necessary to tell you over again who I think he was—or, to put it more emphatically, who I am sure he was. He was the focalized expression, in terms of one transcendent human personality, of the Christ eternal who is the very basis of our being. According to the New Testament, "By him, and for him, and unto him are all things, and in him all things consist." He is that aspect of the infinite being of God which has produced the universe of which we form a part; there may be many more aspects of God's infinitude, but this is the one with which we have to do. It is the aspect which philosophers and theologians have for ages called the eternal Son. On the field of time the eternal Son has shown himself as Jesus. Henceforth, to think of the Son of God is to think of Jesus. "He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest." And it is in rising into and partaking of his divine sonship that we find ours. "To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." That was what he came for, that is what he is doing still. As F. W. H. Myers beautifully says in his "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death": "There is nothing to hinder the reverent faith that though we be all the children of the Most Highest, he came nearer than we, by some space to us immeasurable, to that which is infinitely far. There is nothing to hinder the devout conviction that he of his own act took upon him the form of a servant, and was made flesh for our salvation, foreseeing the earthly travail and the eternal crown." A sentence of that kind is all the more remarkable from the fact that he who wrote it did not come to this conviction along the line of Christian theology but along that of psychological investigation; and I believe I am right in saying that at the time he penned it he was not a professing Christian himself.

But this position leads to another equally important. Such a divine adventure—if I may so put it—as the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, such a sublime acceptance of the limitations of the flesh, meant a certain shutting out of the full consciousness of his true dignity in the eternal world. It is impossible for any one to say what the earthly consciousness of Jesus was concerning himself, but from what we are told in the synoptical gospels it is evident that it was limited in the same way, though perhaps not to the same degree, as yours and mine. Luke says in this same chapter that he "increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." I wonder how he must have felt when as a boy he used to climb the hills that encircled the village of Nazareth and contemplated in solitude the mystery of existence. What did he feel about himself when his higher consciousness began to unfold and he became aware of the stirring of unfathomable deeps within his soul? Did no awe ever sweep over him as in his devotions he caught some faint suggestions of a forgotten greatness, a surrendered glory, a world of light and beauty far transcending anything he had ever known in this? Did he ever wonder who he was, every try vainly to understand his true vocation, and the reason for his presence here, before that solemn moment of illumination came in the baptism of Jordan? All the indications seem to point that way, scanty as may be the information at our command. The late Father Tyrrell, in the last book he ever wrote, declares that the secret which Jesus carried about with him fom that day foward was his consciousness of belonging to the tran-

scendental world, of being the Lord from Heaven of pious expectation, whose mission it was to vanquish evil through suffering, and that he never told this secret till the grand crisis was past.

Professor Sanday, of Oxford, one of the most distinguished of orthodox New Testament scholars, in his recently published, every suggestive study of the personality of the Master, puts forward the hypothesis that the deity of Jesus resided in his sub-consciousness, and that what we would call his waking consciousness, his every-day consciousness, was truly and certainly human. I cannot but feel that both of these theories are more than mere speculations. They fit in with the evidence; they describe just what we ought to expect if it be true, as all the highest spiritual experience has consistently affirmed through all ages, that there is a transcendental world, and that a mighty being once left it in order to take upon himself our burden and help us to win our fight.

But there is something else which these facts tell us, too. It is that the very same thing must be true in some degree, however restricted, of you and me and all mankind. Do you know yourself? Who are you? What are you? Do you never feel the touch of the transcendental?

That part of us which lies far below the ordinary threshold of our consciousness, and sinks away without a break into the infinitude of God, is eternal and divine. It is through that gateway that higher energies filter into the soul.

IN THE DAYS OF HIS PASSION.

By Arthur Peirce Vaughn.

I. The Weeping.

Cool silver olives and the golden sun
  Make glad the morn that sees the King draw near
  To David's town and throne. Tumultuous cheer
Fills every heart, and thousand tongues as one
Take up the psalm of welcome to the Son
  Of David, the Messiah, riding here
  In lowly pomp, the while hosannas clear
Startle the Jewish chiefs, by fear undone.

Glad homage, waving palms—then falls a hush;
  The pageant halts in unexplained surprise,
  For tears of yearning love spring to His eyes—
The Undesired—and piteous words uprush:
"Jerusalem, Beloved, thy Prince disowned,
No peace is thine till He returns enthroned!"

II. Sanctuary.

Came Christ at ev'n to Bethany for rest,
  For surcease from the stinging air of hate
  That fills the city, wherein false priests mate
Their chastised greed with craft of kinglets, lest
They both must hide from Him by men confessed
  God's prophet, whose sure word and pure estate
  Are scathless to their lies. Insatiate
Hourly they weave new snares with fiendish zest.

At ev'n to Bethany He came, oppressed
  With all this fury and unfaith of foes;
  There Mary's garden hid Him in its close;
Friends understood Him, peace subdued His breast.
When earth, enraged, is plotting death to Thee,
My heart, O Christ, shall be Thy Bethany.

III. The Mocking.

When in the judgment men reclaim their deeds
  And angels ope' the books, the records trace,
  When souls rise stark, revealed, their past to face,
Shall one dare answer as the angel reads:
"They spat upon Him," "Beat with scourge of reeds,"
  Cried "Prophet, say who smote thee in this place,"
  "Robed Him with purple, bowed with mocking grace,
While on His brow the thorn-crown freshly bleeds"?

What shall ye answer in the judgment day
  Bowing again to him ye decked as king,
  When dumb and wounded by betrayal's sting
"He opened not His Mouth" for sore dismay?
Dying for love of us, this anguish more,
  This needless, venomed rage for us He bore.

IV. The Fainting.

Acquitted thrice in Pilate's judgment hall,
  Then given, for Jewish favor, to be slain,
  Watch Him led forth to tread the Way of Pain,
Bearing His cross Himself. Hangs like a pall
Upon the mob the hate of priests that call
  "Crucify Him! Let Caesar only reign!"
  Mark you the gaping throngs crush in again
As neath His cross they see Him faint and fall.

"Weep not for me, but for yourselves and sons!"
  The cross may crush the body, not the soul;
  Spent nerve and thew can not defeat its goal;
Struggling, it mounts; homeward to God it runs.
Oh be it mine, my Lord, what time flesh faints,
Dauntless to rise with Thee and all Thy saints.

BUBBLES.

I watch him at his play—my little lad—
  His bright curls gleaming in the morning sun,
Bending above his bowl of snowy foam,
  Blowing his shining bubbles, one by one.

With eager, outstretched hands he vainly strives
  To grasp and hold the pretty bubbles fast,
Then, broken-hearted, nestles in my arms,
  Grieving because his bubbles will not last.

I, too, have blown my bubbles, little one—
  Those airy nothings of the wind and sun—
I've watched them sail, then fall and leave no trace,
  And I—ah, well, I cried, too, little one.

—Florence Hadley.

NOT BY BREAD ONLY.

Thy words are sweet and strong,
They fill my inward silences
  With music and with song.

They send me challenge of right,
  And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory
  They breathe my "Peace, be still!"

—William C. Gannett.

MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT.

Summer Conferences for 1914.

Locations and dates for the Interdenominational Summer Conferences, under the auspices of the Missionary Education movement, are announced for 1914 as follows:

Blue Ridge, North Carolina, June 26-July 5.
Pacific Grove, California, July 3-12.
Silver Bay, Lake George, N. Y., July 10-19.
Estes Park, Colorado, July 17-26.
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, Aug. 4-13.

In addition to these five conferences in the United States, there will be six conferences held in various parts of Canada. As will be noted by the accompanying map these conferences or summer training schools are so distributed as to reach practically every large center in the United States and Canada.

Importance—Pastors and church officers are finding these gatherings of increasing value every year as training schools for leaders in church work. Many pastors can join in the testimony of one minister that "representation at these summer conferences has transformed the life of my church."

Program—The program for the conferences is carefully constructed with a view of deepening the spiritual life of the delegates and training them for leadership in the United Missionary Educational Campaign which nearly all mission boards have adopted for 1914-15.

Mission Study Classes—For the first session each day the conference divides into a dozen or more mission study classes under expert leadership. The purpose of these clases is to train the members for leadership of similar classes in their churches during the ensuing year. One series of classes is devoted to the subject of Graded Missionary Instruction in the Sunday school.

Open Parliaments—Following the mission study classes each day come a series of open parliaments or institutes where on succeeding days practically all phrases of missionary work are discussed by the best available experts in each department of work.

Platform Meetings—The closing hour of each day will be given to a platform service addressed by well known missionary or other religious leaders. The last portion of this hour at noonday is reserved as a period of intercessory prayer.

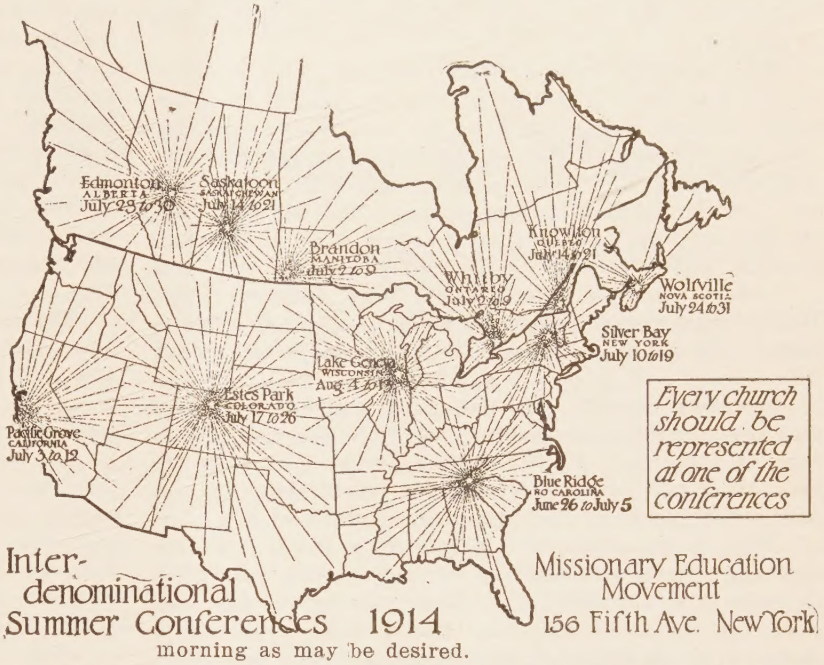
Recreation—The afternoons at all the conferences are reserved exclusively for recreation. At each of the conferences there are special facilities for tramps, athletics, excursions, and other recreative features.

Vesper Services—The evenings are occupied with vesper services or platform meetings, addressed by representative missionaries from various fields and by other speakers of recognized authority on social, missionary and general religious problems and themes.

Denominational Meetings—Following the vesper services the delegates meet by denominations under the leadership of their denominational secretaries, to outline in more definite form the work of their churches for the ensuing year.

Missionary Exposition Scenes—Other incidental features such as a model missionary exposition scene, missionary demonstrations and special classes for young people under twenty years of age, combine to make these conferences of great interest and value to all classes and types of workers.

Arrangements are also made for conferences of specialists on various subjects to meet for as long a period each morning as may be desired.



Faculty—It is impracticable at this time to give an accurate list of the various speakers, missionaries and leaders who will be present at the conferences, but as in previous summers the faculty will consist of the foremost teachers and leaders in missionary education as well as secretaries representing all the leading home and foreign mission boards and other platform speakers of national and international reputation

Who Should Attend—The pastor and at least one other representative of every church should be in attendance at these conferences It is especially important that State, District and Metropolitan leaders attend for the purpose of getting in touch with local leaders and with the educational plans of the mission boards for 1914-15.

Sunday school superintendents and teachers, chairmen and members of church committees and representative laymen will find these conferences an ideal combination of summer vacation and recreation with practical preparation for larger usefulness.

Additional information concerning any of the above conferences may be had by addressing Rev. Geo. W. Hinman, 21 Brenham Place, San Francisco.

"So Life's sad Sunset prizes
What Life's gay Dawn despises,
And always Winter wise is
When Summer is no more;
While Love than lightning fleeter
Turns all he touches sweeter,
To leave it incompleter
Behind him, than before."

THE FUTURE THAT BECKONS US.

In a recent sermon the Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong said concerning the miracles:

Are these stories "true stories?" as the children say? Did Jesus actually perform these marvelous works? Twenty-five years ago the majority of ministers and Bible students would have said: "No, these did not happen. God does not violate his laws. These are mythical stories that have grown up around the commanding personality of Jesus."

Bible students today are less skeptical of the miracles. In the first place men are thinking of God not as a far-away monarch, ruling the earth by unbreakable laws, but they are thinking of God as the indwelling spirit of life. This concept of God makes nothing impossible, unless contrary to the spiritual nature of God. Further than this, modern man has had so many wonders, like wireless and aviation and telegraphy, performed before his very eyes —wonders that the fathers would have declared impossible—that he is no longer disposed to skepticism but to belief. This age is an age of faith; and it will grow more so.

Strangely enough, men like Darwin and Spencer and Matthew Arnold, who declared that "miracles do not happen," are the very men who have prepared the way for this larger faith, because they called the attention of men to the immanence of God and to the marvels of life.

That a man like Jesus should have power over nature and disease and evil—as revealed in the "stories"—is today no contradiction to men's concept of God and law, but rather in harmony. Given such a person as Jesus, with his psychic force and ethical ideals and unselfish spirit, it is quite in the line of a reasonable expectation that out of his superior knowledge and power wonders of mercy should be performed. Jesus was a pioneer in human possibilities. He knew what button to touch, what lever to draw, what power to apply. What he did is a revelation of what men may do, when they possess the power of God. His miracles are a call to all men to be conscious of the possibilities of their own natures. They are a part of his personality. They constitute a part of the reason why men should "follow Him" in order to know God. Jesus is surety for the coming time when mankind shall have " dominion over nature"; when the Kingdom of Heaven" shall be realized on earth; when there shall be no more death; when sin and sorrow shall flee away.

Too long these stories have been treated symbolically. Commentators have skated around their fringe as if they were as dangerous as air-holes. Some obscure feature of the miracle has been lighted on by preachers as a text for a sermon. These wonder-stories have been handled gingerly even by the most devout. They were such mighty works, that they have awakened skepticism even among believers.

This day of unbelief is passing. Men are seeing that given a character and personality like that of Jesus, these wonderful works are but a natural expression of power; that Jesus reveals the glory of God and what man may be and must be.

Take, for example, the story of Jesus stilling the storm. It is the exhibition of the control of matter by the power of spirit. That's all. It occurs every moment of our lives. It is perfectly rational that nature should obey spirit. It is doing it all the time. The indwelling God is manifesting Himself in all we see. Jesus, in this particular situation, knew how to do it—what key to use.

When Jesus crossed the lake and was met there by "a certain man who had demons," he had a strange experience and one that has been the target of much wit. The crazy man said that his name was "Legion"—meaning that he had many demons. Jesus drove the demons out and the man sat down clothed in his right mind. Many questions arise around this story. It may not be exactly reported. The main thing to keep in mind is, that it is a scene where Jesus, with his calm soul and exhaustless fund of spiritual power, meets a demented man tormented by real or imaginary demons—whose natural residence was in beasts—and restores him by his personal touch and presence. This is happening in a small way all the time.

The same is true when Jesus exerted his power and drew back the spirit of a little daughter that had gone over the border line. It is unusual, but not unnatural. Given the same power possessed by Jesus and it may be done again.

And He touched the eyes of the two blind men and they saw. It was done by the application of psychic power. No law was violated. It was a demonstration of the power of the spirit of God over the sense of sight. Jesus knew the hidden spring to touch. In so doing every man sees in him the pledge of what awaits the "children of the kingdom."

Jesus is the normal man; not what man now is but what he may be and is to be. His mighty works are no greater, as Jesus intimated, than the works of them who shall follow Him. Dominion over nature and disease and sorrow awaits the sons of men when they shall possess the spirit of Jesus.

This is the future that beckons us. We are invited to receive the spirit of God, that is more anixous to bless than we are to receive. There is one word common to all these stories, that must not be overlooked. It is the word "faith," which means "receive."

The beginning of the road toward the securing of the power of Jesus, in the making of the Sspirit of God supreme in our lives. The secrets of creation open to the touch of those who live in the spirit.

"WHAT WE BELIEVE."

The Scottish Rite Auditorium addresses which were published in The Pacific for March the 25th will be printed in pamphlet form at once. All of the 1700 extra copies of The Pacific have been sold.

The pamphlet may be had for five cents a copy; six for 25 cents; fifteen for 50 cents; thirty-five for one dollar; and one hundred for $2.50.

Sing as you will, O singers all,
Who sing because you want to sing!
Sing any song and anyhow,
But sing! sing! sing!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at 10:30 there will be a union meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, which will be addressed by Dan Crawford, the far-famed missionary to Africa.

The Pacific Coast district convention of the Religious Education Association will be held in Berkeley April 23-25. A program of fine addresses has been arranged. The convention undoubtedly will be one well worth attending.

Friday evening of this week Dan Crawford, whose remarkable missionary work in Africa is talked of all around the world, will speak in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley. Next Sunday evening he will speak in the First Congregational Church of Oakland; and Wednesday evening of next week in the First of San Francisco.

The Earle Lectures, Pacific Theological Seminary, this year, by the Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, senior secretary of the American Board, were replete with information showing the influence of Chistianity all around the world. Dr. Barton's study of the non-Christian religions, his thorough acquaintance with the mission fields, and his knowledge of the efforts made throughout Christendom to win the world for Christ, made it possible for him to present an array of facts and conclusions thereon which were inspiring to all who listened to him. Anew were we made to realize that Christianity is revolutionary among religions and nations.

Union Holy Week services are being held this week by the First Congregational and First Presbyterian churches of Alameda. Monday evening the Rev. Dr. Goodspeed of Oakland, spoke in the First Congregational church. Tuesday evening the Rev. John E. Stuchel spoke in the Presbyterian church on "Spiritual Paradoxes." Wednesday evening services were held in both churches. Prof. Tolson led in the Congregational church service. For Thursday evening the Rev. Dr. Brooks is on the program—to speak in the Congregational church on "Jesus in the Inner Circle"; and Friday evening in the Presbyterian church on "The Meaning of the Cross."

Last Sunday morning in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley Professor Bradley, the chairman of the board of trustees, read the letter of the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks accepting the call to the pastorate. We quote from it as follows: "I cannot easily tell you how sincerely I appreciate the generous expression of your desire to have me serve with you as your pastor. These eight months during which we have been associated have been to me months of constantly increasing joy as I have recognized the inspiring opportunity for a service which challenges our united strength and devotion. This church is rich in memories, rich in resources, rich in opportunities for far-reaching service. I shall count it all joy to join with you in devoting all the wisdom and strength we possess or may be able to gain to promote the Kingdom of God in the lives of men in the name and by the power of the spirit of our common Lord."

A USEFUL PIECE OF WORK.

To the Editor of The Pacific:

May I, through your paper, call the attention of the leaders of our Sunday schools to a very useful piece of work being done by Secretary Miles B. Fisher? Last week the officers and teachers of our school felt the touch of new life, better methods, higher standards, and fresh interest through the brief conference which he conducted here. There was an afternoon session from four to six, supper during the next hour, and an evening session of two hours later. The presentations and discussions were informal but held to a steady line of development by the twelve items of efficiency indicated on the blackboard. It is remarkable how much work of educational and administrative value can be done in so short a time

ROY H. CAMPBELL, Palo Alto.

Among the Churches.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—Four new members were received by letter on Palm Sunday.

Garvanza.—Sunday, March 29, marked a great advance for this congregation, for then its enlarged and rebuilt church was rededicated. The sermon at the morning service was preached by Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D. At this service $475 was raised. In the afternoon addresses were made by Rev. Morris H. Turk, Ph.D., and by Rev. George F. Kenngott, Ph.D. After the addresses the entire sum remaining unpledged was raised. In all the improvements have cost some $5200. The last service of the day was conducted by Rev. John L. Maile. The Garvanza Church was founded in 1905, and has gradually grown to strength. Since 1911 its pastor has been Rev. William Haresnape, who came from Kansas to Southern California and has held pastorates at Buena Park and Compton in this state.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH RESOLUTIONS ON THE TRANSFER OF DR. VAN HORN FROM SEATTLE TO OAKLAND.

"Resolved, That we hereby tender to Dr. Van Horn and to the First Congregational Church of Oakland, California, whose call he has accepted, our sincere and brotherly assurances:

"That we have found Dr. Van Horn to be a manly, normal Christian man of unblemished character, with the highest motives in conduct and service, endowed with excellent common sense and discretion under all circumstances and situations—a brother to all men and a leader everywhere, in the pursuit of all that is highest and best.

"That, as a preacher of the Gospel and of righteousness, we have found him to be unusually able, both in training and in talent; a man of refined ideals, eloquent in thought and diction, and inspiring in his spiritual conceptions. He combines in an able manner, a sound and conservative theology with the progress and optimism of modern life and thought.

"That we have found Dr. Van Horn to be unusually tactful and sympathetic in his spiritual ministration and comfort to the ill and to those in sorrow.

"That, during the eight years of his ministry with us, including much of delay and trial as to our church equipment, we have found him to be in all things, patient, aggressive and constructive in dealing with the business and physical features of our church program,

"That we have found him to be a real apostle of the Evangelical, Christian Faith, and an aggressive champion and conserver of the dignity and spiritual mission of the Church of Jesus Christ, as the only agency that shall bring the Kingdom of God upon earth.

"That we have been pleased and honored during the pastorate of Dr. Van Horn, with his leadership and co-operation in all constructive Congregational work in the Northwest.

That, as a normal man and Christian citizen, we have found him to be one of the rarest of men in his natural endowments for meeting and co-operating with other men in all the contact that men have with one another, whether it be in recreation and social fellowship, in interdenominational church work, in public or secular gatherings, or in his relations generally, as a leading citizen of his city and state.

We are pleased to testify to the high regard and affection which we all feel for Mrs. Van Horn and for the entire family group, which is as eminent in goodness as in number. Mrs. Van Horn has been a valuable aid and inspiration in much of the good work undertaken by the women of our church and community.

We deeply regret that the interests of the Kingdom at large, are taking Dr. Van Horn from us, but this disappointment and sorrow are modified by the conviction that he has accepted the call from our sister church in Oakland as a call to his largest possible service in the Kingdom of God. We are comforted also, by the confidence and regard which exist between him and this church (notwithstanding the severance of our church relationships) to a degree which we are justified in characterizing as phenomenal. These delightful and reciprocal confidences will continue to the last hour of his presence among us, and ever after in our memories and will bring delight to every future meeting that may be possible between Dr. Van Horn and any member of our congregation.

We follow him with our prayers and with our belief that the new relationship will be a blessing, not only in church and pastor, but to the city of Oakland and the state of California as well.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By J. Edwards.

In the death of Dr. McLean I feel that I lost a dear friend. He was one of the most genial, affable, kind, friendly and urbane men I ever met. When I met him first at Portland, Ore., 27 years ago, I thought it was worth while crossing the continent to see and know such a noble man. He was one of the rare great men that close contact made one love more. To spend an afternoon at his home was a treat long to be remembered.

The last issue of The Pacific was a great one. I wish it could get into the hands of 100,000 ministers of the land. Can it not be published in a permanent form? I know of nothing equal, in as condensed form, as the articles of President Nash and Drs. Brooks and Palmer.

The Lincoln Heights Congregational church of Spokane was dedicated last Sunday morning. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. W. S. Pritchard, of Odessa, the first pastor of the church. The sermon was a fitting and striking one on "Testing by Fire."

The dedicatory prayer was offered by Superintendent Scudder, and the act of dedication by Rev. Jonathan Edwards. There was a platform meeting in the afternoon with addresses by the Revs. Harper, Preston and Burtner, and Dr. Scudder preached in the evening. Something over $500 was subscribed during the day, which will fully meet all bills and conditions in order to make the grant from the Congregational Church Building Society available. The church and lot have cost no less than $5,000. It has a seating capacity in auditorium and Sunday school room for 300 people, and a basement for a banquet hall. There have been during the week a Parents' and Home day, Sunday School Institute and Interdenominational day, and a lecture on "Scotland in Romance and History," illustrated by Dr. T. H. Harper. On Sunday there will be a baptismal service and reception of members in the afternoon, and a sacred concert in the evening. At the Sunday school decision service 62 signed the cards. There is promise of growth in Church membership in the community. The Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho association will meet with Pilgrim Church, this city, Rev. E. E. Burtner, pastor, the 14th and 15th of this month. The program promises meetings of special interest, and there is promise of good attendance. The efficiency campaign meetings have continued with increased interest and they have greatly fostered the evangelistic spirit in the churches and among the pastors.

The Rev. W. J. Hindley, the mayor of this city, underwent an operation two weeks ago. He is convalescing in a gratifying manner, and is expected to leave the hospital in a few days.

The churches are making elaborate preparations for Easter.

April 3, 1914, Spokane, Wash.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

One of the most beloved and devoted Christian women of the Pilgrim faith in Oregon, Mrs. Ellen M. Rockwood, widow of the late Rev. George A. Rockwood, died in this city on March 27th at the age of seventy-two years and eleven months. Mrs Rockwood came to Oregon with her husband and three children from Rennselaer Falls, N. Y., in 1883, and located at Oregon City, Mr. Rockwood accepting a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church of that place. For several years Mrs. Rockwood's work in connection with the Sunday-school of that church, was strongly felt; indeed, it was felt by the churches throughout the State, as she was frequently called upon to present it to the associations, both State and local. In 1892 Mr. Rockwood established a church at Willsburg, four miles south of Portland, and Mrs. Rockwood's helpfulness in the Sunday-school there was very great. For several years since her husband's death she has been a resident of Portland and a member of the First Church. She is survived by three children Rev. Arden M. Rockwood, a Congregational minister, Miss Ruth Rockwood, reference librarian in the Portland Public Library, and John A Rockwood, electrical engineer in the Portland Railway, Light and Power Company.

The "Commission Form of Government" is beginning to enter new avenues in which to operate. The latest phase

known is in church work, and the first place where it has been attempted, so far as I am informed is at Walla Walla, Washington, in connection with the Congregational Church there—the first Congregational Church in the State of Washington, established in 1865. In this church five commissioners have charge of affairs, as follows: Commissioner of Education, W. M. Kern; of Church Extension, Mrs. Minerva Hailey; of Business, J. G. Kelly; of Benevolence, Mrs. W. S. Clark; of Worship, President Stephen B. L. Penrose, President of Whitman College. So far the new method is proving very satisfactory.

The temperance forces are vigorously at work throughout this State, and multitudes of persons are strongly of the opinion that Oregon will vote "dry" this year. Ex-Governor Malcolm R. Patterson, of Tennessee, will give the reason "Why he Changed Front on the Liquor Question" next Sunday at the Armory.

The Home.

A MODERN CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

O Lord, I come to thee in prayer once more;
But pardon that I do not kneel before
Thy gracious presence—for my knees are sore
With too much walking. In my chair instead
I'll sit at ease, and humbly bow my head.

I've labored in thy vineyard, thou dost know;
I've sold ten tickets to the minstrel show.
I've called on fifteen strangers in our town;
Their contributions to our church put down;
I've baked a pot of beans for Wednesday's tea—
An "Old-Time Supper" it is going to be.
I've dressed three dollies for our annual fair,
And made a cake which we will raffle there.

Now, with thy boundless wisdom so sublime,
Thou knowest that these duties all take time.
I have no time to fight my spirit's foes;
I have no time to mend my husband's clothes.
My children roam the streets from morn till night.
I have no time to teach them to do right,
But thou, O Lord, considering my cares,
Will count them righteousness, and heed my prayers,

Bless the bean supper and the minstrel show,
And put it in the hearts of all to go.
Induce all visitors to patronize
The men who in our programmes advertise,
Because I've chased those merchants till they hid
Whene'er they saw me coming—yes, they did.

Increase the contributions to our fair,
And bless the people who assemble there.
Bless thou the grab-bag and the gypsy tent,
The flower table and the cake that's sent;
May our whist club be to thy service blest;
The dancing party gayer than the rest.
And when thou hast bestowed these blessings—then
We pray that thou wilt bless our souls.—Amen

—Caroline A. Walker.

NO MORE OLD PEOPLE.

"A bonnet for an old lady?" repeated the milliner. "My, there aren't any old ladies nowadays! but I will show you some bonnets that are suitable for an elderly person."

I was amused, but many times afterward the words came back to me, and at last I have reached the conclusion that there really are no old people in the sense in which we once used the word. Long ago "grandmother" suggested a rocking chair, cap, glasses and knitting—in short one who no longer took any active part in the affairs of the world. Today, grandmothers, stylishly gowned and hardly less attractive than their daughters, are presidents of clubs, are writing books, painting pictures, taking part in musical recitals, motoring, going around the world—doing almost everything that younger people do.

The author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is the most notable example of a woman whose mental vigor extended far beyond the allotted three-score years and ten. But while most of us know that Julia Ward Howe after she was ninety still continued to write, study, travel and make public addresses, and to be a power in the world, perhaps some of us do not know how many other women there are who are active and useful in the last quarter century of their lives.

A friend of mine began the study of Greek on her seventieth birthday, and attained sufficient proficiency to use the Greek Testament in her daily reading, as well as to have some knowledge of the beauties of Xenophon. She was a Philadelphian, of Quaker parentage, remarkably well read, and interested in all the events of the day in our own and other countries. In the last years of her long life she often expressed gratitude to the one who encouraged her to begin Greek, saying that she found in it great comfort and satisfaction.

A Massachusetts woman, when over seventy, revived her interest in Latin and French, reread a considerable portions of Virgil's Aeneid, and enjoyed the works of Balzac, and Victor Hugo in the original. Another New England woman, left alone in the world at seventy, found herself with leisure for the first time in her life. She had always longed to paint, and though the opportunity came late, she welcomed it, took lessons in water-color, and made some beautiful flower pictures which her friends valued not only as her work, but also for their real artistic merit.

A Western septuagenarian began to take lessons in China painting, and the pretty dishes she decorated in the next ten years gave no hint of age or failing powers. Another at the same age began the study of birds, and found it so rewarding that she now urges it upon all her acquaintances as an occupation peculiarly adapted to the later years of life, when special incentive is necessary to keep one out of doors. A Wisconsin woman entered the regular collegiate course of a state university when she was well past seventy, and enjoyed the work far better than most of her young associates.

Of activities of another sort there is the vigorous and courageous woman who climbed a cherry tree when she was over seventy years old and picked a basket of cherries; and the Pennsylvanian who at ninety remained at the head of her home in a quiet country village, and looked upon her neighbors of sixty as young and inexperienced. The latter and her daughter of seventy "did their own

work" and also took care of chickens and a little garden of flowers and vegetables. Nor must I forget to mention the two women over seventy, who spent several weeks last summer in camping out, and who came home brown and hearty, quite as enthusiastic about their experience as anyone in the party.

An energetic woman who is now nearing her eightieth birthday has gone to Europe every summer for several years, taking one country at a time, and spending several weeks in making herself familiar with its characteristic life. Another, over eighty, went around the world with some friends, enjoying the strange sights and novel experiences and causing wonder and astonishment among the natives when they learned of her great age. An automobile trip from Chicago to New York was one of the recent pleasures of another octogenarian.

The world seems richer now than ever before in these treasures of self-reliant and well-occupied old age. I remember among them a valued settlement worker, a vigorous leader in women's clubs, an active temperance worker, a still efficient foreign missionary, several women who are writing for the papers and publishing books, a brilliant pianist who improvises to the great enjoyment of her friends as well as of herself—all these have passed their seventieth birthday. Then there is a woman of ninety-four still in the possession of her faculties, who takes care of herself, reads three or four daily papers, is keenly interested in all that is going on in the world and gets far more enjoyment out of life than many young people. Still more remarkable is the woman of a hundred and four who goes about from one city to another to visit her various relatives, and whose unfailing cheerfulness is a lesson to all. Indeed, if the writer happens to know of so many women who are active and vigorous after the measure of life allotted by the Psalmist, what numbers of them must there be scattered over the world!

In thinking of the subject one cannot help recalling the last years of Queen Victoria's life. She began the study of Hindustani when almost seventy and continued it till her death. She kept herself fully informed of the affairs of other kingdoms as well as her own, up to the very last, and never failed to denounce the wrong and insist upon the right after carefully canvassing both sides of a question.

It used to be the fashion to speak mournfully of living on "borrowed time" after the seventieth year was completed, and to talk regretfully of the things one would like to do if she were not so old, the approach of death being considered too imminent to warrant any new work, or even the continuance of much of the old. How much more cheerful is the present outlook, which shows the declining years as a period of opportunity for accomplishing many things which hitherto have been perforce neglected.

There comes a time in the lives of most women when they cease to be of the importance that they once were to the mere existence of the household. In such a loss o position and occupation a woman is sometimes tempted to feel herself a "cumberer of the ground" whose usefulness is past. Then is the time to take up systematically some definite work, interest in which will continue through all the remaining years. This will conduce both to health and happiness, for it is the persons who have nothing to do who grow old rapidly, and whose mental and physical powers steadily fail.

"Nothing has cheered me up so much in a long time as that walk of Weston's," one elderly man was overheard to say to another. "To think that a man over seventy could walk from San Francisco to New York in the time he did makes me feel that there's a good deal for me to do yet." And his friend replied,"Yes, I hope to be able to walk as long as I live, and to work too. I believe in keeping at it and not thinking how old we are."

Every man or woman who continues active and useful in the later years of life is an encouragement and inspiration to those who follow. Surely, the middle-aged women of today can look forward without fear to the years after seventy, since they see about them so many who are finding those years rich in opportunities for enjoyment and helpfulness.

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress."

—Martha Clark Rankin, in Ex.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

We have all heard of women who marry men with the idea of reforming them. Whether they are right or wrong seems to be a highly debatable point. Personally, I have strong convictions on the helplessness of the effort.

But a case only recently has come under my notice of a young wife who suddenly discovered that her husband was a drink victim. What did she do? There was no doubt that the man possessed the craving for drink to a terrible degree and for days he stayed away from home. Out she went after him and tried to persuade him to return. On other occasions he came home voluntarily in a condition that almost made her loathe him.

Friends and relatives argued that it was better to save one life than to allow both to be ruined. Her youth, her position in society, her duty to those who loved her, the great disgrace that was blackening her life, and the fact that the law could easily free her from the life of wretchedness were held up before her tired eyes without avail. She strove desperately against these arguments and finally managed to drive into his alcohol soaked brain the fact that she still had faith in him and in his strength to overcome the habit which was sapping his manhood.

He began at last to see that his wife understood the nature of his physical craving—a thing he thought no one realized but himself. A sense of the dignity and virtue and love of his beautiful wife made him resolve to try to be worthy of such patience gentleness and affection. And together wife and husband set about to conquer.

He looked boldly forward to a sober and steady future and gradually cast behind him his weakness. His strength lay in the fact that his wife was with him in the fight.

She did not revile him and cast him into the street to fall lower into the gutter. She determined she was going to rescue him—not allow him to break himself. And she had her way to the ultimate saving of her husband and bringing him back to a condition of integrity and uprightness and sobriety such as his was when he led her to the altar.

Today he is honored and respected by all, rich and influential, and his wife is back in her old social position, only much loved and honored.—Doris Blake.

For The Children.

THE KIT THAT "GOT EVEN."

The two plump house kits were washing their faces on the front doorstep as the thin barn kit came up the path. "Good morning, my dears," she said, stopping and grinning politely.

The two house kits looked at each other, then they looked at the barn kit, then they made two naughty faces.

"You're very thin," said the black one.

"And homely," added the white one.

"And we don't wish to associate with you," said both at once, after which they stuck their tails out straight and marched around the corner.

"Pooh! who cares for them, anyway?" cried the barn kit, fluffing her back up. "I'm sure I'd rather be homely than have such awful manners. But I'll find a way to get even with them." And she stalked slowly back to the barn.

By and by two house kits looked into each other's eyes; and because they could see only a narrow thread of black in the green, they knew it must be twelve o'clock and dinner time. So back they trotted to the side door. And what do you think they found waiting for them? An empty saucer; just that and nothing else.

"The shutters are all closed," said the black house kit.

"Everybody is gone away," added the white house kit.

"And we are forgotten," said both at once. So they sat side by side on the piazza and cried into their left forepaws; their right forepaws they needed to sit up with. Now, when they had shed about seven tears, they suddenly stopped.

"It seems to me"—sobbed the black kit.

"As if I smelled something good," sobbed the white kit.

"Rather like mice," sobbed both at once.

So they immediately dried their four eyes with their forepaws (and there were two eyes to each paw, which is a riddle), and then they looked around.

Lo and behold, in the saucer which had been empty lay ttle brown mice, fairly begging to be eaten!

put those there?" cried the house kits in surse.

"I did, my dears," answered the barn kit, popping out m behind the pump. "I put them there to get even with you for being so rude this morning."

The two house kits grew so limp with shame that their tails drooped off the piazza.

"We're very sorry," whispered the black one.

"And awfully ashamed," added the white one.

"Will you please excuse us?" said both at once.

"Pray, don't mention it," answered the barn kit pleasantly. "I've got even, and that's enough. Let's begin over again."—Sally Backus Griggs, in Harper's Young People.

WHERE THE JOKE REALLY WAS.

If you have a grandfather or uncle whose farm you love to visit, or if you live on a farm yourself, you will enjoy this story of a little girl's experience on her uncle's farm. And if you were never on a farm, why, you will enjoy it anyway. This little girl, who is a woman now, has told this story of her little girl's experiences for The New York Tribune.

When I was a little girl, she says, few things pleased me better than to visit Uncle David, who owned a large dairy farm.

One day when I was out in the woods with uncle he caught a young crow and gave it to me for a pet. A crow, even in its wildest state, is a sort of half-domesticated bird. It is no trouble at all to tame them and, aside from their trick of getting into mischief, they make nice pets.

My crow and I were pretty good friends by the time we got back to the farmhouse, and ever after that the bird lost no opportunity to play his practical jokes on anybody and everybody; but he seemed specially delighted when his victim was Uncle David.

All of this was accepted in good part by the dear old man, until one day the bird—and I am sorry to say I was equally at fault—carried a joke so far that it came perilously near being a dead crow ever afterward.

Uncle was fond of working in his orchard and kitchen garden. In that same kitchen garden was a beautiful pear tree, which was always called my tree, because it was planted the day I was born. In the shade of my pear tree the crow used to perch himself and watch Uncle sow seeds and set out young tomato and cabbage plants, while I looked on from my hammock on the back porch.

That day uncle had stretched a line some fifty feet long across the garden that he might make the rows straight. With a pan of young cabbage plants at his side, with a sharpened stick uncle would punch little holes in the soft, rich loam, slip the root of a young cabbage plant down into this little hole, press the earth about it, after which he would make another hole a foot or so farther along, into which he would insert another plant, and so on to the end of the line. So intent was he on his task that he never raised his eyes from his work until he had the full row finished.

I shall never forget the look on the old man's face as he straightened up and turned to view his work. My crow had followed along behind uncle and quietly pulled up every cabbage plant as fast as the old man had planted, after which the wicked imp of a bird had flown into the pear tree, where he looked as innocent and solemn as if there was not a cabbage plant within a thousand miles. And I, who had watched the whole proceeding, pretended to be asleep in my hammock.

"It is the wind, and not the laughter of my little skeezicks, that makes that hammock shake so," said the dear old man.

Then I realized how naughty I had been. I threw my arms around uncle's neck and said, "Forgive me, won't you, uncle? I know it was wicked of men, but it was so funny to see that crow keep one eye on you all the time he was at work pulling up those plants! And then to see him fly into the pear tree and laugh at you! It was so funny!"

"It was funny. It must have been—to you and the crow," said uncle; "but now suppose you try to look at the fun from my point of view by coming down into the garden and helping me reset those cabbage plants."

And that was the way I paid for my fun!—The Continent.

THE MICE, THE CAT AND THE BELL.

There were once some little mice who lived in the walls of a house.

They found plenty to eat; there were snug little places to make nests, and there was a drawer full of towels from which to get threads to line them. In the great attic they could frolic ad dance, or run races inside the walls.

They had but one trouble: In the same house there was a cat—a very wicked cat, they said.

One night they met to talk about their trouble, and to see if they could not find a way to put an end to it.

"We must do something," they all said. There were Longtail, White-paw, Grey-beard, and ever so many more.

"It is not safe for us anywhere," said Grey-beard. "If I step into the pantry to get a bit of cheese-rind or bacon, down comes the cat. If I go into the dining-room to pick up crumbs, she is sure to be there."

"And she watches at every hole that any one of us makes. I am afraid to work lest she should hear my teeth gnaw the wood. Her ears must be better than ours."

This was a long speech for a mouse to make, but Grey-beard had not told half their trouble.

"What can we do?" asked White-paw. "Shall we all run at her at once and bite her? Or shall we make noises and frighten her?"

"No," said Grey-beard, "she is so bold, we could not hurt nor frighten her. I have thought of something better than that. Let us hang a bell around her neck. If she moves, the bell will ring, and we shall hear it, and know where she is; then we can keep out of her way."

"Oh, yes! yes!" cried all the mice, "that is just the thing. We will bell the cat. Hurrah! Hurrah! We will bell the cat!"

If you had seen their glee you would have thought the thing had been done.

"But who will hang the bell around her neck?" asked Greybeard. "Will you?" he asked of White-paw.

"I don't think I can," was the reply. "I am lame, you know. It needs someone who can move quickly."

"Will you, Long-tail?" asked Grey-beard.

"You must excuse me," said Long-tail. "I have not been well since that time I was almost caught in a trap."

"If it is a good thing to do," said Grey-beard, "someone ought to do it. Is there anyone who will?"

Not a sound was heard. And, one by one, each little mouse stole away to her nest, and nothing was ever said again about belling the cat.—From a Second Reader.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

"Got any boys?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Husband, of course," the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"The devil you have!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Now, what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering 'Nine'?"
"Ich kann nicht Englisch!" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

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And speed to [illegible]s el[illegible] pri[illegible]
Where apple-green [illegible]s a [illegible] fr[illegible]e
And meadow larks exist in.

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